Enter a Seruant.

Sirrah, lead theſe Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
Theſe are their Tutors, bid them vſe them well,
We will go walke a litle in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are paſſing welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to thinke yourſelues.

Pet. Signior *Baptiſta*, my buſineſſe asketh haſte,
And euery day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left ſolie heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather then decreaſt,
Then tell me, If I get your daughters loue,
What dowrie ſhall I haue with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in poſſeſsion twentie thouſand Crownes.

Pet: And for that dowrie, Ile aſſure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that ſhe ſuruiue me
In all my Lands and Leaſes whatſoeuer,
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
That couenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the ſpeciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her loue: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as ſhe proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do conſume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though litle fire growes great with litle winde,
Yet extreme guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well maiſt thou woo, and happie be thy ſpeed;
But be thou arm'd for ſome vnhappie words.

Pet. I to the proofe, as Mountaines are for windes,
That ſhakes not, though they blow perpetually

Enter Hortenſio with his head broke.

Bap. How now my friend why doſt thou looke ſo pale?

Hor. For feare I promiſe you, if I looke pale.

Bap.

Bap. What will my daughter proue a good Muſitian?

Hor. I thinke ſhe'l proue a ſouldier,
Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canſt not breake her to the Lute?

Hor. Why no for ſhe hath broke the Lute to me:
I did but tell her ſhe miſtooke her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a moſt impatient diuelliſh ſpirit)
Frets call you theſe? (quoth ſhe) Ile fume with them:
And with that word ſhe ſtroke me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,
While ſhe did call me Raſcall, Fidler,
And twangling Iacke, with twentie ſuch vilde tearmes,
As had ſhe ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a luſtie Wench,
I loue her ten times more then ere I did,
Oh how I long to haue ſome chat with her.

Bap. Well go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited.
Proceed in Practiſe with my yonger daughter,
She's apt to learne, and thankefull for good turnes:
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs,
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter *Kate* to you.

Exit. Manet Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do. Ile attend her heere,
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes,
Say that ſhe raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,
She ſings as ſweetly as a Nightinghale:
Say that ſhe frowne, Ile ſay ſhe lookes as cleare
As Morning Roſes newly waſht with dew:
Say ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeake a word,
Then Ile commend her volubility,
And ſay ſhe vttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me packe, Ile giue her thankes,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a weeke:
If ſhe denie to wed, Ile craue the day
When I ſhall aske the banes, and when be married.
But heere ſhe comes, and now *Petruchio* ſpeake.

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